

The Colored American

Published by The Colored American Publishing Company.

A National Negro Newspaper
Published every Saturday, at 459 C St.
N. W., Washington, D. C.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.10
Three Months60
Invariably in advance.

Subscription may be sent by post office money order, express or registered letter.

All communications for publication should be accompanied with the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

We solicit news, contributions, opinions and in fact all matters affecting the race. We will not pay for matter, however, unless it is ordered by us. All matter intended for publication should reach this office by Wednesday of each week to insure insertion in the current issue.

Agents are wanted everywhere.—Send for instructions.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading notices 50 cents per line. Display advertisements, \$2 per square inch, per insertion. Discounts made on large contracts.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

All letters, communications, and business matters should be addressed to

THE COLORED AMERICAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Manager,

459 C St., Northwest,

Washington, D. C.

Sold by all News Dealers.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1903.

OUR CASE IN EQUITY.

The vagaries of the Washington Post on most topics are well known. Like the festive mosquito, now you have him and now he is absent. It does indeed seem that consistency is not a commodity of high value in that establishment and that a copious, redundant vocabulary is preferred to the limitations and sanctions of eternal truth. The paper's attitude on the race question is in point. To-day it launches out into a glowing panegyric of some undeniable excellence of our people and tomorrow their name is Anathema.

Last Saturday's editorial performance exceeds any previous freak of the paper's favorite intellectual gymnast by quite a decided majority. Taking as a text President Washington's wise and well-tempered address at Louisville, Ky., a few days ago, it inveighs against him and all of us for accentuating the fact that we are Negroes instead of ordinary members of the community, for clamoring for special treatment because we are Negroes, and it predicts dire results if we do not cease this sort of pleading. One sentence from the editorial is sufficiently illuminating—"the Negro's foolish leaders have taught him that he is something apart, a different element, a separate quantity, a problem set upon an eminence for special solicitation and prayerful solution."

That is argument; that is truth with a vengeance!

The Negro's foolish leaders have done all these things, indeed! If so, 'tis news to the Negro. He has been convinced for these many years that the white man had "set him apart," had made him "a different element" and "a problem."

The Post knows, and every other man, black and white, throughout the country knows, that the white man is constantly reminding the Negro that he is black, that he is laying awake o' nights planning and constructing barriers to the advancement of his fellow American-born citizen, the Afro-American. Why is it that the Negro is denied admission to trades unions?

Why is it that if he applies for employment in any business house as a book-keeper or a salesman his color outweighs capacity, recommendation and character? Look over the city of Washington, and where will there be found one private business enterprise in which a Negro holds a place other than manual? Even the higher educational institutions and God's temples on earth, the churches, look askance at him, and the Young Men's Christian Association, the Wimodausis and kindred organizations cry out in horror upon his approach.

The fact is, the Post's logic is awry. We believe Prof. Washington has hit him "below the belt," as it were, and the blow has also awakened that organ once called conscience. Hence this inconsistent and peevish plaint, in which the effect is mistaken for the cause. Of course, the threats of what white men will do if this agitation is not stopped are quite unworthy of the Post and of its able(?) editorial writer, though it is possible he desires to share the glory(?) and renown(?) which now cluster about the name of that ecclesiastical sensationalist, the Rev. Mr. Ellwood, of Wilmington, Del. If so, he is quite welcome to do so, and also to share the latter's fate, which is certain, though deferred.

There is but one way to terminate this complaint of the Negro, and it is a simple one. Treat him like a man. Give him an equal chance in the race of life. Cease to misconstrue his motives. He is neither a striker, a murderer nor a burden upon any community. He is really not a beggar, though his opportunities are circumscribed. He is brave and loyal and in spite of her harshness to him he regards this country as his only home and loves it accordingly.

When these conditions are accorded, we will "bear the last of this tiresome and sinister outcry," but until that time the Negro will continue to fret the ears of the Post's learned pundit with appeals for justice and for a "white man's chance."

The colored people are receiving lots of sensible advice these days, and if they will follow it they cannot err.

The Evansville, Ind., mob is not surprising when it is considered that loafers and half-grown boys are the controlling spirits. Unless the Government takes hold of this matter and puts its heels squarely on the neck of the iniquity conservative colored leaders will have to take the law in their own hands—arm themselves, take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

THE WAIL OF THE CROAKER.

Just about this time of year, when there is a dearth even of the slush with which some of our unfortunate patent-back, pot-metal Negro contemporaries are wont to fill up the two or three columns which are left to them for "original" matter, they invariably take a shy at The Colored American, impelled no doubt by envy and jealousy of its commanding position.

They remind us of the great Barium of circus renown, who said to his critics, "Praise me or abuse me as you will, but for God's sake keep talking about me!" So say we to these small souls who disgrace the newspaper profession and who have no conception of its high mission. Our only regret is that their circulation is so limited, their influence so inappreciable. We wish they could cover the whole continent with the outpourings of their scurrility and their idiotic comparison between their miserable publications and a newspaper conducted on the high principles which have ever distinguished the course of The Colored American.

Dr. Booker T. Washington continues to grow in the eyes of the American people. A great magazine has dubbed him not the exponent of industrial education, but as a politician and the greatest Southerner the country has produced. He is pictured as holding the South in his right hand and the North in his left hand, and by judicious advice is bringing the two sections closer and closer and nearer and nearer together.

"THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE NEGRO."

The Brooklyn Magazine for July has a most interesting article written by Prof. W. E. B. Dubois, of Atlanta University, on "The Possibilities of the Negro—The Advance Guard of the Race." The Professor seeks to show that the race has made substantial progress on all lines of endeavor, and selects as typical of this advance the careers of ten prominent and successful Negroes. Among them are Booker T. Washington, Prof. Kelly Miller, Rev. Francis G. Grimke, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Henry O. Tanner, Edward H. Morris, Granville T. Woods, Dr. Daniel H. Williams, Chas. W. Chestnutt, representing a diversity of callings. We think the author has been wise in his selections and industrious in assembling his facts.

There is much that is hopeful to the race in this recital and it comes like a refreshing shower after the vast amount of detraction and abuse which we have lately had to bear, too often from our own people.

But we do not think the Professor is quite fair in his estimate of Dr. Washington, of Tuskegee. While conceding his great service to the race and to humanity, there is a covert sneer at his methods and a disposition to lower the tone of his work by suggestions that he is rather a clever politician than an educator.

We do not intend to launch into any defense of Tuskegee methods. They need none. It is, however, a fact which even so cultivated a gentleman as Prof. Dubois seems to overlook, that Tuskegee meets the situation as it is found in Alabama, and everybody recognizes the fact. Higher education has nothing to do with the immediate problem nor is the surrender of any manhood rights involved in meeting the race's immediate needs.

The article is exceedingly clever, the style is incisive and the illustrations the perfection of artistic work.

DAYLIGHT AHEAD.

An occasional ray of comfort is apparent in the appalling lynching habit. Governor Durbin of Indiana takes high ground in the Evansville horror, Senator Foster of Louisiana has just successfully opposed his strong personality and the weight of his office against an attempt in his State, and a sheriff in New York State by his quick and ready resource has prevented a similar blot upon the fair name of his community. The pendulum is swinging in the other direction. The conscience of the country is awake and we shall soon see the end of the iniquity.

Now let the reproach of the law's delay be removed, and above all let our ministers and teachers, those who come into closest touch with our depraved and illiterate from whom the ranks of the criminal classes are always recruited, continue to preach bravely and persistently the gospel of decency and morality, as not only the just concomitants of religion but also as excellent investments in the economy of life in this world and in the respect of their neighbors, both black and white. To the upright and worthy among us we counsel patience and if possible stricter adherence to the precepts instilled into us in our early education and we shall ere long see the gray lawn of a brighter day.

We wish to correct a statement made in this column last week, that there were only three delegates present at the meeting of the National Negro Press Convention. We learn from a delegate who was present that by actual count just seven delegates participated.

A significant incident in connection with the resentment being exhibited by the colored people of Norway, S. C., over the lynching of Charles Evans, one of their number, is the statement that they are being counseled and led by a white man, John Evans, the father of Charles. Verily the chickens are coming home to roost. Blood is a trifle thicker than water.

THE TRUE REFORMERS HALL DEDICATED.

The dedicatory services of the True Reformers Hall in this city, located at Twelfth and U streets N. W., took place last Wednesday, the exercises beginning at 10:30 in the morning and continuing until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The banquet and reception began at the hall at 7:30 p. m. and lasted until midnight. A musical and literary entertainment was given during the early part of the evening and the affair wound up with a grand banquet in the capacious auditorium. In the Armory Drill room in the basement more than eight hundred persons sat down to the feast. Hamilton's celebrated orchestra enlivened the banquet hours with select music and the following program was carried out: Toastmaster, Hon. Geo. White; Progress of the Institution as Viewed by the Outside, Miss Mary Church Terrell; The Grand Fountain—Its Benefits to the District, Dr. R. L. Gaines; The Grand Fountain—Its National Effect, W. P. Burrell, G. Worthy Sec.; Woman's Part in the Accomplishment of the Institution, Mrs. Julia Mason Layton; The Grand Fountain—Does it Deserve the Confidence and Support of the Race? R. T. Hill, cashier; Negro Press of the Country, Editor E. E. Cooper; Higher Education, Prof. Jas. Storum.

The following menu was served: Soup—tomato; radishes, olives, pickles; fish—broiled halibut, Hollandaise sauce; cucumbers; broiled chicken, green peas; Salad—chicken, tomato; ice cream, cake, coffee.

The Boston Contingent, Trotter, Ferris, Forbes, et al, who marched up the hill at Louisville to antagonize and discredit the Council's work, marched down again beaten and demoralized. The good people down east who put up their money to send these puissant warriors forth to battle did not get their money's worth. Here is a significant clipping from the Boston Guardian of the 11th inst.: "The names of those who contributed to send the delegates to Louisville will appear in full next issue. Please inform us if this plan is not satisfactory." The parable of the talents is not inapplicable to the situation. It would perhaps have been more profitable to use the money in working up effective opposition to Jim Crowing Boston during the meeting of the N. E. A.

Lawyer J. C. Napier, of Nashville, Tenn., spoke very timely at the Louisville meeting and very pertinently to the Boston delegates, who were not headed and advocated extreme measures for the solution of the problem. There is a volume of wisdom in Mr. Napier's one sentence when he said, "I would rather have the confidence of my neighbors and friends at home when trouble arises than to have to apply to the Federal Government a thousand miles away for protection." This is indeed a tribute to the South as well as to the good sense and patriotism of Mr. Napier.

"The Impending Conflict" is a new candidate for public favor. It is intended to be a monthly publication and its first number has been received with much interest. Its home is New York City and its destinies are presided over by Mr. John E. Bruce (Bruce Grit) as editor and Mr. Melvin J. Chisum as publisher. With such capable sponsors as are these well-known gentlemen its success would seem to be assured. Its literary excellence is of a superior character and typographically it is unexceptionable. It is devoted to the best interests of the colored people throughout the country and it has our warmest wishes for its prosperity.

THAT PRESS CONVENTION.

It is said that less than a half dozen editors attended the National Press Association meeting last week. Why was no notice given of the meeting?—The Savannah Tribune, July 11, 1903.